

Voice of Dissent

Flesh Field

Here along we wander and we roam
We cut our teeth in city streets and gutters we call home
Await the day the clouds will part
Deliver words we know by heart
Raise your fucking voice
Or be a face in the crowd
Isn't that what it's all about?
So tempt me not with the life you have bought
Our keep is earned in the change that we sought
Explain away the tangled truth
Accuse away but without proof

Raise your fucking voice
Or be a face in the crowd
Isn't that what it's all about?
Boots on the ground, aim tried and true
Bells toll the sound; impending doom
In our respite our numbers grew
Now it's time to
Raise your fucking voice
Or be a face in the crowd
Isn't that what it's all about?
Is that what this is about?

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